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prologue

Nutmeg watched her kits, purring. She watched them play, tumbling over their paws and pretending that they were big and strong.

There were five of them in total - Filou, Tommy, Luna, Rusty, and Princess. Though, the last two stood out.

Rusty was brave and big-hearted, and loved being outside. When he was outside, though, he didnt play, he tried to leap onto the fence and towards the forest. One time he succeeded, and with a burst of panic Nutmeg had dashed over and yanked the tiny kitten off the fence.

She'd dropped him immediately on accident, finding his pelt to be abnormally hot. It was like fire, everburning and hot as what she imagined the sun to feel like. Should she not have been so surprised, though, she probably would've just gasped, but due to the unexpectedness of the heat, she'd dropped him.

Rusty was okay, though, getting right back on his paws with an excited smile and returning to leaping at the wall that was the fence.

He left four pairs of small paw prints in the dirt - as the grass had been burned off. When Nutmeg leaned in close, she could feel the hot air wafting up from them.

Princess, on the other hand, was the complete opposite.

Like her brother, she was quiet, but she held a different energy.

She was calm, always smiling, and very motherly. She enjoyed being inside rather than outside, though she loved the snow. When

she was in the snow, though, she didn't play, but instead seemed to cuddle the snow like it was her kit.

She also loved rain, while her brother detested it. It was the one time the flame-coloured tabby refused to exit the nest.

One time, Princess had fallen asleep in the snow. Chuckling, Nutmeg had picked her up by the scruff to bring her inside.

The moment she sank her teeth into the tuft of fur on her kit's neck, she recoiled in shock. It was so smooth, and felt like it could slip right through her jaws.

She had carried Princess very carefully back to the nest that day.

The other kits didn't seem to carry that particularily that the other two held.

Filou was average, a little arrogant but it wasn't like she couldn't deal with that. The light ginger tabby was also very incompetant, which is kind of funny. Nutmeg chuckled, remembering on one Longest Night he had insisted that he could climb the snow mound the fastest. The moment he got two steps onto the mound, he'd tumbled down with a patch of fur between his ears.

Their housefolk had loved him, giggling and pointing odd rectangular things at him. One of them flashed every few seconds, but they didn't harm Filou, so Nutmeg was alright with it.

Tommy was anxious. He stuck to Princess most of the time, eyeing everything with wide eyes. Though she would never say, Tommy was one of Nutmeg's favourite kits. The brown-and-white tom was so sweet and polite, though he was terrified of everything. Him, Princess, and Rusty made a good team. Tommy was slightly more intelligent, though terrified of everything, while Princess was very motherly and sweet, always reminding him that he was protected and safe. Rusty played as the brave defender, tackling the things that scared Tommy and pretending to kill them to let him know that he was protected.

Finally, Luna. The brown-and-ginger tortoiseshell she-cat was the

most intelligent. She was quiet, but often pointed out better ways to do things. She was actually the reason Rusty had got onto the top of the fence - she had pointed out a way to get there, and he had followed it. Luna was a bit of a rebel, and due to her higher intelligence, she *always* had a snappy comeback. It was annoying, but Princess could never hate her kits. Especially when they were so young.

But, today was a special day.

A day Nutmeg would remember 'til her dying day.

As she watched her kits, head lolling in her front paws, she hadn't noticed the pawsteps creeping up behind her until something nudged her flank.

With a yelp, she jumped to her paws and turned to see the cat who'd interrupted her observation.

It was Jake, smiling down at her warmly.

"They look strong" he purred, his leaf-green eyes trailing to the kits tumbling around. It was spring, which made the grass grow long and the flowers bloom. There were bees, too, so Tommy was pushed so hard against Princess that it looked like he could meld into her completely at any moment.

"Yeah" Nutmeg answered, watching her kits in silence for a few moment before turning back to Jake.

"Where have you been? It's been so long!" she took a step forwards, nuzzling his cheek. He purred, but it didn't sound as happy as Nutmeg expected. His face was sullen as well.

"What's wrong?" she asked worriedly, conflicted on whether she should touch him or stay standing a few pawsteps away.

"It's nothing" Jake shook his head, closing his eyes for a moment.

Nutmeg leaned closer, touching her nose to his, "You know you can tell me everything, I won't be mad."

Jake bit his lip, looking hesitantly down at the grass below.

"I met a cat" he began, sitting down. His tensed shoulders relaxed a bit.

Nutmeg sat down as well, curling her elegant tail over her paws. She hummed, nodding.

"He's from the Clans" he continued. Nutmeg's ears perked. When she'd kitted Rusty, she'd seen a ginger tom standing on a large rock. After some thought, she'd wondered if she'd seen a vision of the Clans, and her Rusty among them.

Casting a momentary glance at him, she realized that he could in fact be one of the Clan cats. He was fierce and brave, but had a good heart.

Nutmeg didn't know what to think of the Clans. They never bothered her, so she was okay with them. Sometimes she saw multi-coloured shapes passing through the trees for a few seconds before disappearing back into the shadows.

On the other Clan, her cousin Quince had told her that the Clans were a scourge to their land, and that they were territorial and bloodthirsty. Then again, Quince was always a gossiper and someone who always looked on the negative. Maybe that was why two of her kits, Ruby and Socks, were so mean to the third kit, Tiny.

Nutmeg had tried to comfort the small black tom, but when she took a step towards him she saw something. A momentary flash of a black cat with one white paw sitting on a pile of bones, his collar decorated with stolen teeth. His long claws were bloodstained, and he was staring amusedly down at two skinny cats that looked an awful lot like Ruby and Socks. It didn't help that the cat up top looked just like Tiny - as he was still tiny, but a lot more dangerous-looking.

She had immediately stopped, and decided that she would go quench the hunger that was starting to gnaw at her. She could've gone a few hours without food, but she needed to occupy herself after what she saw.

"Oh" was Nutmeg's sole reply, her whiskers drooping uncertainly.

"But he was really nice, and he showed me all around. He's from this place called WindClan - they live on the moors. He'd run away looking for vengeance, but I helped him and now he's back in WindClan" Jake purred, face lighting up as he talked about him.

Nutmeg lit up as well, she liked it when her mate was happy.

"Sorry I was gone for so long, Nutmeg" he shifted his paws, looking down at the floor again.

Nutmeg brushed her tail soothingly over his furry, flame-coloured cheek.

"It's fine as long as you had a good time" she purred, giving his forehead a single loving lick.

He smiled, glancing back up at her. He looked relieved.

Nutmeg felt a twinge of guilt and curiosity, did he really think she'd be mad at him? Well, she kind of was, but her mate was special to her, and she trusted him.

Just then, a small light brown tabby nudged Jake's paw. Nutmeg recognized it immediately as Princess, though she realized with a slight frown that Princess's coat appeared to be getting more blue-grey, like a Clan cat she'd seen once when she was younger.

Jake glanced down at the kit, smiling. Something glimmered in his eyes, though, something like curiosity or maybe fear. Nutmeg couldn't place it.

"Hello there" his voice sounded cheerful enough.

"Who are you?" Princess didn't wait to ask.

Before Jake could respond, Nutmeg cut in.

"This is your father, Jake, he's been away for a while" she purred, edging closer and draping her striped tail over his broad back.

Princess eyed him, then smiled.

"You look just like Rusty!" she exclaimed proudly. Jake's broad head tilted to the side curiously.

Nutmeg glanced up, scanning the brightly-coloured yard for the ginger kitten.

She found him chasing some sort of beetle, leaving smoking paw prints everywhere he stepped.

"That's Rusty" she told Jake, waving her tail at the kit. Jake turned to look, watching him hunt. He was currently crouched, tail waving excitedly.

"Still your tail!" Jake advised cheerfully. Rusty glanced up curiously, then smiled at his father.

"Thanks!" he exclaimed, turning back to the beetle. He crouched lower, tail stilling.

If his pelt wasn't so vibrant, he would've been completely invisible.

Then, with a little wiggle, he pounced on the beetle. The beetle let out a hiss that Nutmeg didn't know beetles could make.

Then she realized it wasn't the beetle hissing, but a fire igniting on its back.

"Rusty!" Nutmeg yowled, dashing towards her son. She picked him up by the scruff, yanking him off the flaming beetle.

The instant her teeth touched his pelt, she felt her mouth burn. With another yowl, she dropped her kit and raised the back of her paw to her mouth, rubbing her mouth in an attempt to relax the burning.

Rusty tumbled away, leaving a path of fire behind him.

Now everyone in the garden was at her side or watching Rusty as he arose, shaking his pelt as if nothing happened. As he shook his pelt, the ginger fur changed to literal fire, smoke rising off his now-

fire pelt.

Jake watched with wide eyes. "Did you know about this?" he questioned.

"No! This is new!" Nutmeg coughed, shaking her head as she licked her gums.

"Mama!" came Princess's cry. Before she could react, the kitten was on her face, crawling up and brushing her cool paw in the insides of her mother's mouth.

Her paws felt like water, and Nutmeg sagged in relief.

Until it struck her.

Her paws felt like water.

Glancing down, she noticed that Princess's pelt had turned to water, just like Rusty's had turned to fire.

She yelped, flinching back. Princess lost her grip, tumbling on the ground. She rolled into the path of flame that Rusty had left, extinguishing it with her own pelt.

The fire hissed, but was quickly reduced to just charred ground.

Nutmeg calmed, but then she rolled into Rusty.

Due to the rivalling elements, Rusty let out a screech as his pelt was water-burned by his sister. Yowling, he pulled away from his sister, shaking his pelt. Nutmeg noticed with a stab of panic that a chunk of his pelt had been taken out, the flames near it flickering as they tried to push against the "attack".

"Sorry!" Princess squeaked, leaping to her paws. Droplets spilled off her watery pelt, getting some of the cats surrounding the two.

"It's fine" Rusty breathed as he slowly relaxed, his fiery pelt patching itself back up with slow, careful movements.

Nutmeg let out a breath as the two elements slowly stitched

themselves back into normal pelts - though Princess's turned to blue-grey tabby with tinted brown, which Nutmeg wasn't sure if she was okay with or not. Rusty, on the other paw, just became a more vibrant orange.

Like fire, Nutmeg thought.

Then, as she stared at her brave kitten, the scenery changed.

She was standing in a forest, near a cliff. There was a lake, big and glimmering. She watched it, studying its beauty.

Then, she noticed two cats. They were blue-grey like her current Princess, except not tabbies. They looked thinner, as well, but strong.

Clan cats*, Nutmeg thought, her eyes widening dramatically.*

They were dragging another blue-grey cat out from the water. She was broader, and looked older. A long scar ran down her shoulder, and looked weak. She was thinner than the two others, pelt mangy and dirty, wettened by the lake she was being dragged out of.

There was also another cat helping, younger looking with a vibrant orange pelt like fire. He looked determined, but scared.

Rusty! *Nutmeg realized, lurching to help her grown kit. She couldn't move, though, she was stuck.*

She opened her mouth to call out, but it was stuck. She couldn't move a muscle, not even her ears.

Suddenly, she was back in the garden.

And everything was normal.

The kits were playing, Jake was gone.

Did that... not happen? she thought, glancing around confusedly.

She replayed the whole thing in her head, from when Jake appeared to her vision.

No, it definitely happened, I couldn't have fallen asleep... she nodded to herself slowly, searching for Princess and Rusty.

Then, she saw them.

Her blue-grey tabby Princess, and her vibrant ginger Rusty.

It did happen! she thought with a jolt.

Then why are they acting like nothing happened? she thought. She glanced down at her paws, and noticed that the charred, wettened ground was almost healed now, grass slowly growing back over the dirt.

How long have I been standing here? she thought. It took a while for grass to regrow. How did she survive?

"*It was only your soul that left, not your mind*" came a voice. Flinching, Nutmeg spun around to face the foreign voice.

But, it wasn't foreign.

It was a ginger-and-white she-cat, her dark blue eyes glittering beautifully. Her pelt looked like it was made of stars.

Crystal, Jake's mother.

Her kit's grandmother.

Someone who'd died before her kits were born.

She opened her mouth to call out to the she-cat, but like before it seemed to be sewn shut.

"*Hush, Nutmeg*" Crystal purred, walking closer until she was a few pawsteps away from Nutmeg. Then, she sat, curling her glossy tail over her paws.

"*You have special kits*" she said, flicking her tail at Princess and Rusty. Nutmeg craned her head back to look, noticing that they were currently battling a bee that was scaring Tommy.

"*I want you to understand that your kits' power is not a curse*" the dead she-cat's tone turned serious.

Nutmeg turned to look back at her kits' grandmother, a knot of worry building in the pit of her stomach.

I know, Nutmeg thought solemnly.

"*Good*" Crystal nodded.

Where did they get them, though? Nutmeg thought, staring right into the starry eyes of the ginger-and-white she-cat.

Crystal smiled sadly, "*Me.*"

Nutmeg titled her head to the side curiously. "I don't understand" she mewed.

Crytal rose to her paws, walking closer to Nutmeg then taking a sharp turn around the brown tabby.

The scenery changed a bit, the season turning to fall, Nutmeg's kittens slowly fading away as they shifted to the past.

Nutmeg glanced around, noticing a young, plump ginger tom sitting on a fence. He looked barely older than eight moons.

Jake, Nutmeg realized, eyes widening.

A ding announced the opening of the cat door behind her. Glancing back, Nutmeg noticed the young version of her trotting out into the cold garden, the old bell around her vibrant violet collar dinging with every step.

Nutmeg glanced down at her present collar - overtime, she had lost the bell while walking around the forest out of curiosity. The vibrance had faded away, leaving it a greyer colour than before.

This is the day I met Jake, she realized again as she watched her eight-moon-self trot up to the fence.

She glanced back, noticing Crystal sitting calmly.

She turned back as she heard the bell ding louder than usual, announcing her younger self had leapt up onto the fence.

"*Hello!*" Nutmeg winced at how high-pitched her voice used to be.

Young Jake titled his head to look at his future mate, examining her with smiling leaf-green eyes.

"*Morning!*" he nodded, voice slightly deeper than his current.

"*I'm Nutmeg!*" she introduced, trotting up and sitting near him. It was a little to close, in current Nutmeg's opinion.

"*Jake*" he smiled, running his tail over Nutmeg's spine in a friendly way.

The scene paused.

"Did you see it?" Crystal padded up next to Nutmeg, nodding to the two of them. Nutmeg squinted, searching for something, but she found nothing.

"No" she admitted, tilting her head as she pushed the limits of her eyes in hopes of finding what Crystal was talking about.

"Here, follow me" the deceased she-cat said, trotting up to the fence. Nutmeg followed her, hoping onto the fence.

They trotted right up to the two young felines, and Nutmeg felt a burst of joy as she remembered that day.

Crystal smiled warmly at her, the tips of her whiskers curling slightly.

Soon, they were sitting shoulder-to-shoulder with Princess.

"There" Crystal pointed with a claw to the inch gap between young Jake's brightly-coloured tail and Nutmeg's lithe spine.

Current Nutmeg leaned closer, squinting her eyes as she examined where the other she-cat had pointed.

She was just about to open her mouth and say that she couldn't see it when she saw it.

A few sparks, so tiny she'd almost missed them. Nutmeg noticed they were travelling from his fur and onto hers.

Like he was sharing something with her.

"Sharing a power" Nutmeg breathed out in realization, straightening as she swivelled her head to look at Crystal, eyes wide.

But the she-cat was gone, and so was everything else.

She was in the garden, staring down at the exact same spot she was before.

A few more stalks of grass had grown in.

She shivered, and craning her head up she realized that it was night, stars twinkling in the sky.

She smiled.

"Clever" she said, before turning and waltzing into the twoleg nest, where her kits would be awaiting her.

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Authors Note;

Ohhh my goodddd that took sooo long to writtteee. I'm so glad to finally have this done. I know the Crystal part is kinda confusing, sorry about that.

Basically I changed it up so Crystal has a power and her mate had a dormant power gene and that went into Jake but his was still dormant [Crystal has the power of illusion, btw. That's how she was able to 'go back in time' a bit] . But if you touch someone and you have a power and the universe thinks that they could benefit from a power, then they get a power [basically be careful who ya touch because they might not get powers (its uncommon for them to get ones as strong as

Nutmeg's) but some might] . Make sense? Okay. Have a good day!

Toodles!

[also I know that the introduction is after the prologue but that's because I wrote the prologue first and it wont let me switch their places soooo]

-introduction

Hello, and welcome to my AU! This AU adds super powers to the first arc, but not like the PoT and OotS. Basically, Jake has a dormant power gene in him passed down from his grandfather (second level dormant oof) and Nutmeg also has a power, but it isn't as dormant. Nutmeg can see flashes of the future of cats that play an important role in the series (ex; when she looks at Tiny she sees Scourge sitting in his alley with his spiked collar and bloodstained claws). So, when she has kits, the two power genes go into Princess and Rusty and due to the double gene they are strengthened up to be actual powers. Rusty gets a pelt that's made of *actual fire*, and Princess's pelt is made of water.

But I have a headcanon where the power has stages of development (i.e; Jaykit started out only seeing snips of dreams, Lionkit started out only feeling like he'd eaten a bit of a painkiller every time he gets hurt), so Rusty starts out with a very hot pelt and Princess starts out with a watery one.

Appearance powers are also able to be hidden in my universe, and I headcanon that Rusty is very self-conscious of his power so he hides it 24\7 while Princess hides it but keeps her pelt a blueish colour while Rusty just hides it completely.

Also, I'm changin' some stuff to fill up the little plotholes (i.e; SkyClan exists from the start, Mistlekit and Lynxkit aren't forgotten, etc.) so ye.

This is also created completely from my mind so no cliffnotes (but major things do happen like the kits being stolen, the fire, Firepaw brings back Yellowfang, etc.). There were also be no allegiances, because y'all already know that and it gives me more time to work on the actual chapters.

So, yeah, that's pretty much all I can say without spoiling it (this AU also isn't fully flushed out yet as well). Hope you enjoy!

Warrior Cats belongs to Erin Hunter, and the cover for this book will be created on either June 15th or 16th, because until then I don't have the resources to create a cover.